COME CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY

FROM

Moore's National Airs

Adapted to an appropriate melody by

T. MOELLING.

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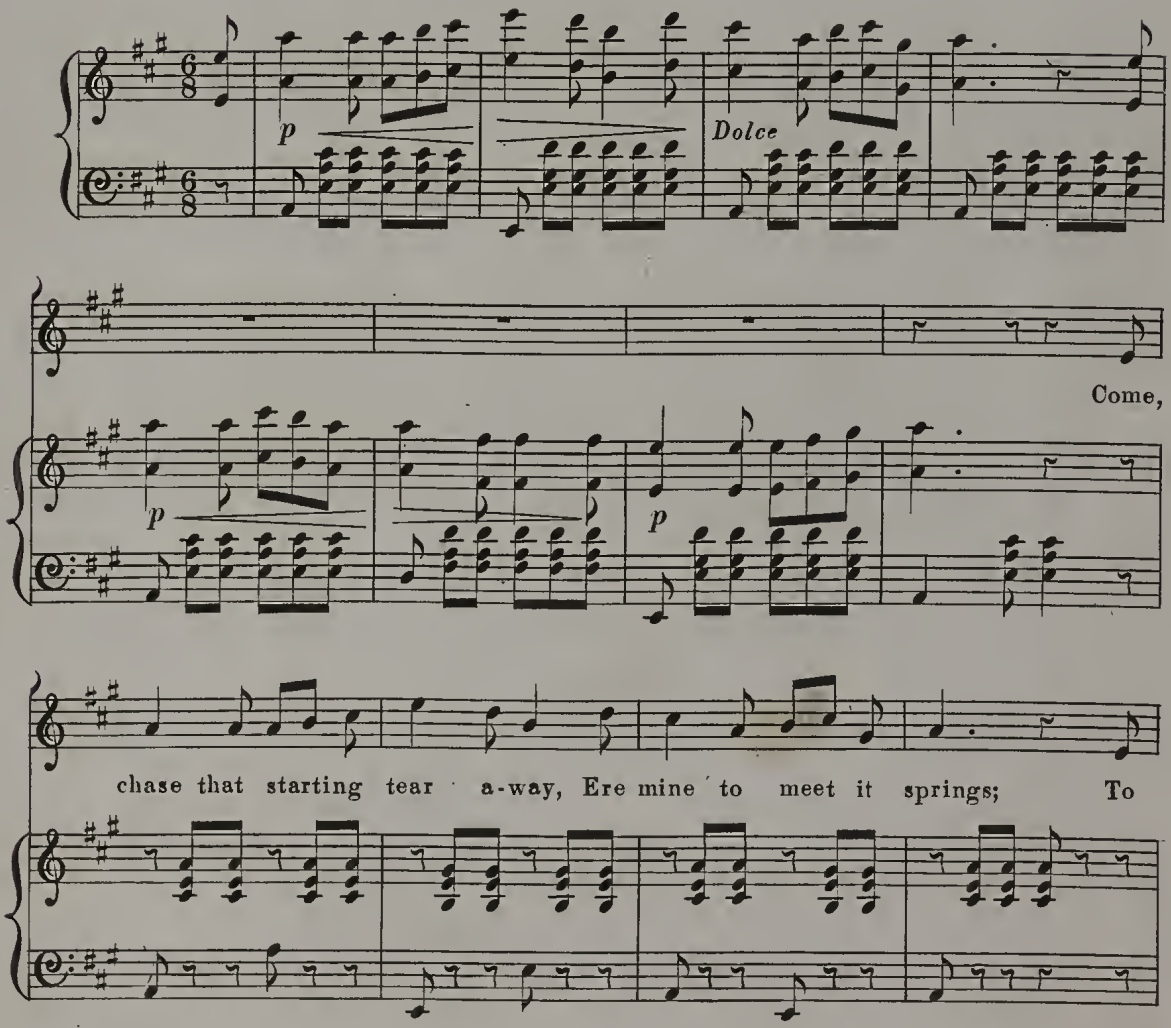

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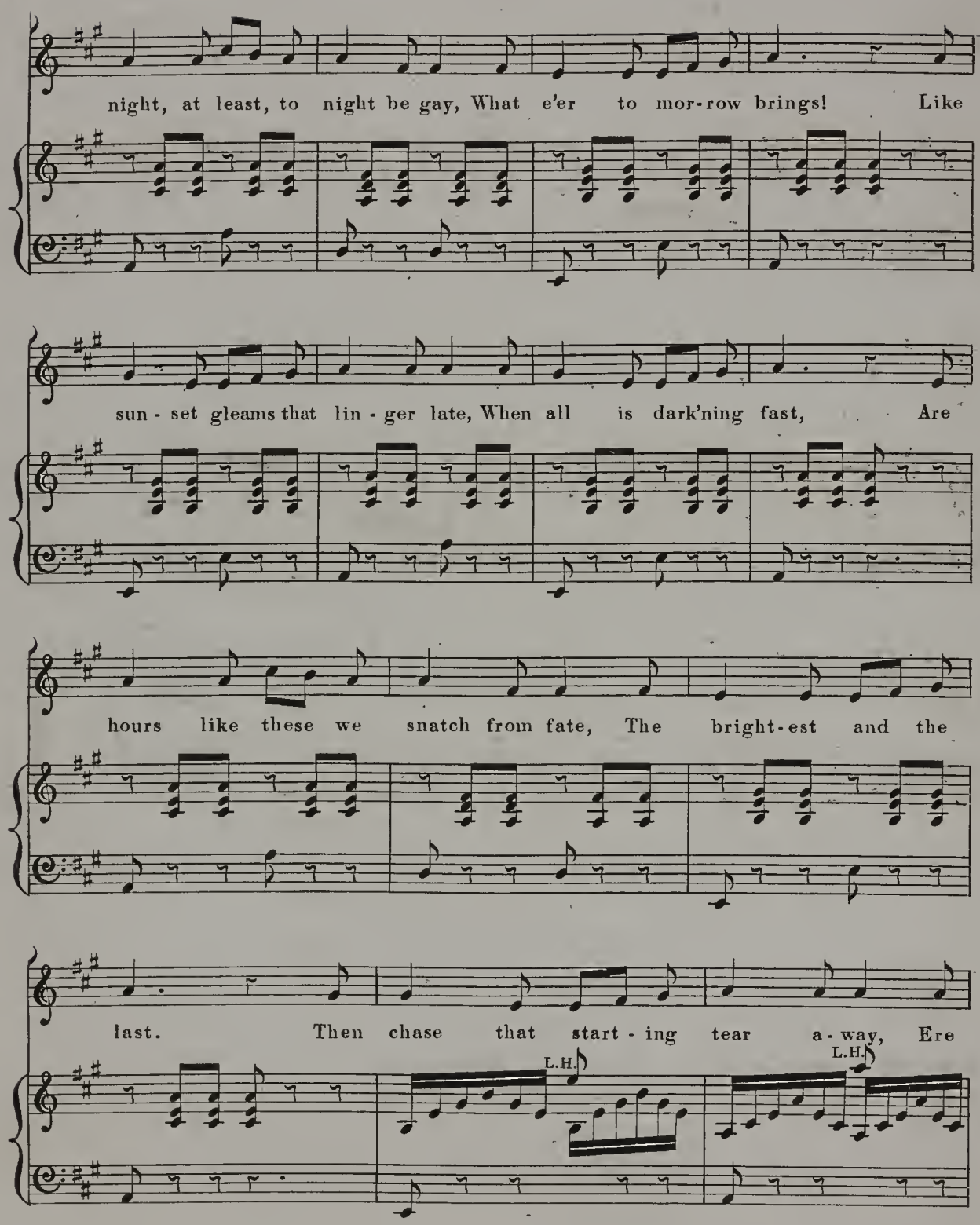
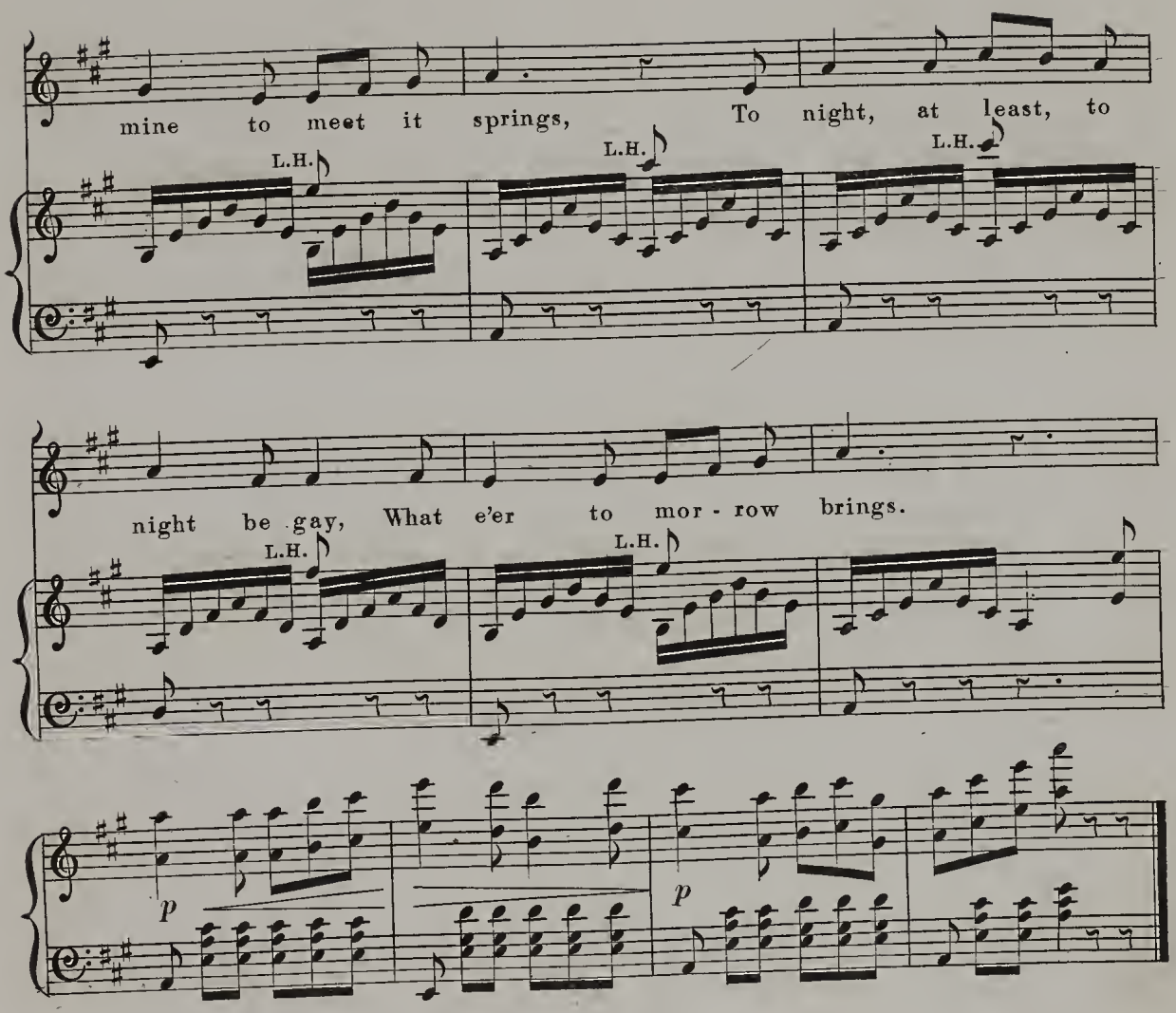

night, at least, to night be gay, What e'er to mor-row brings! Like
sun - set gleams that lin - ger late, When all is dark'ning fast, Are
hours like these we snatch from fate, The bright-est and the
last. Then chase that start - ing tear a - way, Ere
L.H.
L.H.



2.

To gild our dark'ning life, if Heaven,
But one bright hour allow,
Oh! think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendour now.
Let's live it out — then sink in night,
Like waves, that from the shore
One minute swell — are touch'd with light,
Then lost for evermore.
Then chase &c.